scriptions, the wise may make some dram of a scruple, or, indeed, a scruple itself.

CH. JUST. I sent for you, when there were matters against you for your life, to come speak with me.

FAL. As I was then advised by my learned counsel in the laws of this land-service, I did not come.

CH. JUST. Well, the truth is, sir John, you live in great infamy.

FAL. He that buckles him in my belt, cannot live in less.

CH. JUST. Your means are very slender, and your waste is great.

FAL. I would it were otherwise: I would my means were greater, and my waist slenderer.

CH. JUST. You have misled the youthful prince.

FAL. The young prince hath misled me: I am the fellow with the great belly, and he my dog[5].

CH. JUST. Well, I am loath to gall a new-healed wound: your day's service at Shrewsbury hath a little gilded over your night's exploit on Gads-hill: you may thank the unquiet time for your quiet o'er-posting that action.

FAL. My lord?

CH. JUST. But since all is well, keep it so: wake not a sleeping wolf.

5—he my dog] I do not understand this joke. Dogs lead the blind; but why does a dog lead the fat? JOHNSON.

If *this fellow's great belly* prevented him from *seeing his way*, he would want a *dog* as well as a *Hind* man. FARMER.

And though he had no absolute occasion for him, Shakspeare would still have supplied him with one. He seems to have been very little solicitous that his comparisons should answer completely on both sides. It was enough for him that *men* were sometimes led by dogs. MALONE.

The allusion was probably to some well-known character of the time. Ben Jonson in his Discoveries has an anecdote of a notorious thief of the day who was remarkable for his great belly. A little more information respecting this person might perhaps identify him with the character here alluded to. TAX-BOT,